

TO ACTIVATE

Borag Thungg, Earthlets! Here is another xarjaz pull-out poster for you to display on your bedroom wall. To open the staples in the middle of the comic. Then, using a pair of sharp scissors, neatly trim off the sides up to the black the poster on to a piece of cardboard which has been cut to size. Look out for another amazing cover poster soon!

PROG 417
11 MAY 85

ALPHA: BACK ON THE TRAIL!

24p

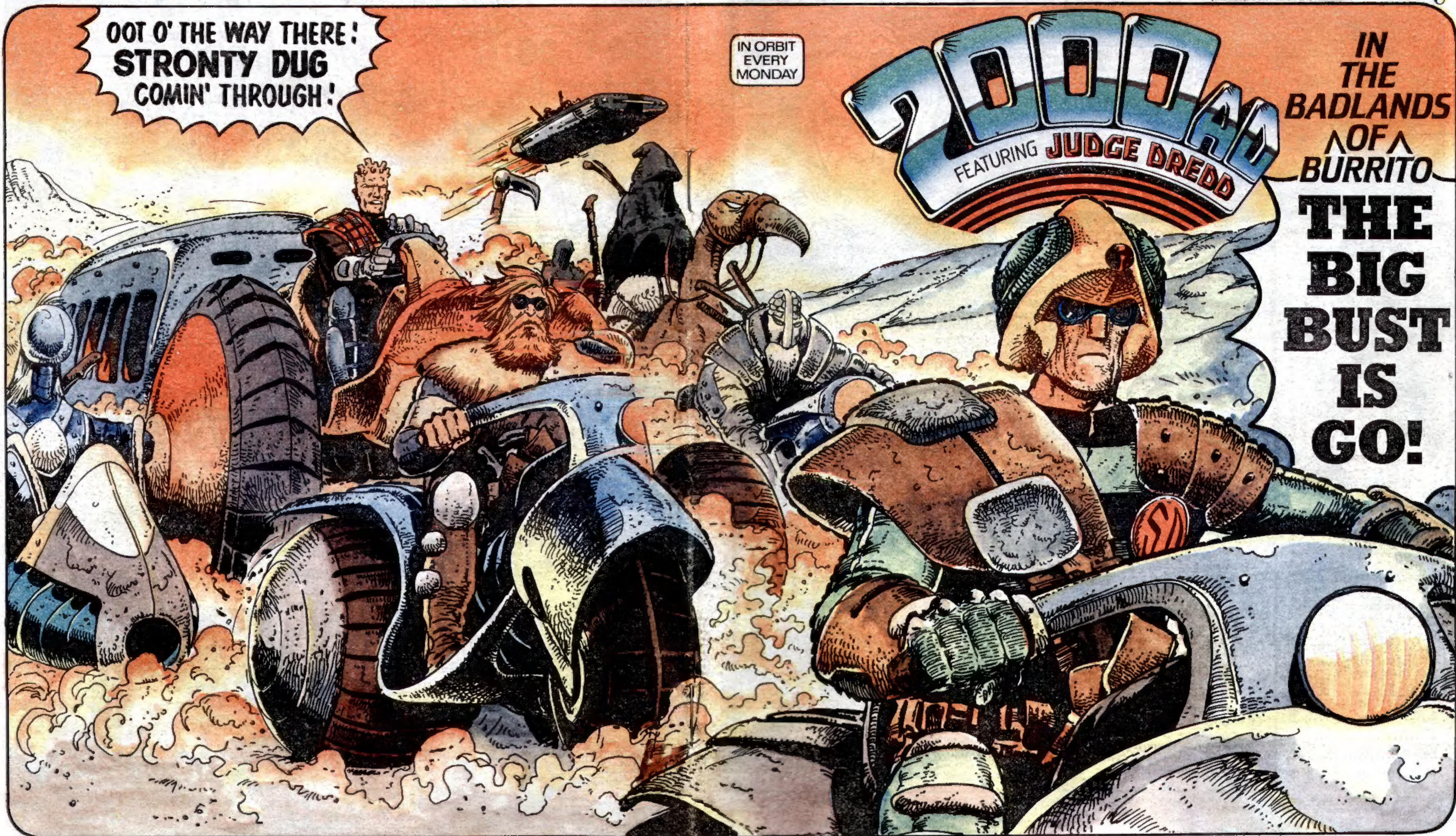
\$1.45 Malaysia 65c Australia 65c New Zealand

**OOT O' THE WAY THERE!
STRONTY DUG
COMIN' THROUGH!**

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD
FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

IN
THE
BADLANDS
OF A
BURRITO
**THE
BIG
BUST
IS
GO!**



92 curc 424

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNG, EARTHLETS.

Have you all recovered from last week's birthday celebrations? Good – because now that the controls have been set for your thrill-powered future, I've decided to take a well-earned holiday. If I set off now I should reach Quaxxann in time for the start of the annual Betelgeusian Harvest Ball, for which I have once again been elected Master of Ceremonies. However, I would not want to depart without being sure that I was leaving you in good hands. I have, therefore, instructed *Slime*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Anderson*, *Strontium Dog* and *Judge Dredd* to act as Earthlet-sitters in my absence. Truly has it been written: the future is zarjaz!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG



THARG LAMAL

Drawn by Earthlet John O'Sullivan, Cork
£10 Winner.



NEMESTEIN!

Drawn by Earthlet M.M. White,
Alcester. £10 Winner.

POP: THE QUESTION

Dear Tharg,

I just gotta confess! The other day I went out and bought a copy of the ultra-hyper-mega-zarjaz audio slug, "Mutants In Mega-City One", by the Fink Brothers. There is one thing that puzzles me...among the lyrics on the cover is a line said by a mutie: "My God, my brain's exploding!" I've listened to the record, but this line simply isn't said! Did the mutie's brain explode before he had time to say it?

From lawbreaking Earthlet Bernie Beeston, Bracknell. £5 Winner.

The good news: the lyric is on the disc, though you have to listen hard to catch it. The bad news: I have passed your address to Mega-City One's Justice Department.

BLUEBELLS BEWARE, BABY

Dear Tharg,

It should be brought to the attention of the Justice Department of Mega-City One that a pop group – "The Bluebells" – are using what appears to be a picture of *Judge Anderson* to promote their single, "All I Am Is Loving You, Baby". Is it not against the law to use a judge's image for commercial purposes? From respectful Earthlet Paul Reynolds, H.M.S. Sultan, Gosport. £5 Winner.

It is. I have passed this information on to Justice Dept. You may be called as a material witness – cancel all engagements for the rest of the year and stand by your hammock.

REGULAR NEW ORDER

Dear Mighty One,

I'd like to nominate Terran Peter Hook – the bass player out of the cult band New Order – for your Krill Tro Thargo award. I am putting his name forward in recognition of the way he spreads the word about 2000 AD. When I was at a gig of theirs in Blackburn, I noticed Peter Hook was wearing a *Judge Dredd* T-Shirt, and when I asked one of the roadies about it he said that Hookey reads your comic all the time. Does he get the award?

From Earthlet Steven Dean, Blackpool. £5 Winner.

According to my Justice Dept. sources, he gets ten years for inciting the public to jump up and down in an enclosed space. The Krill Tro Thargo will have to wait until 1995.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... **417**

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IN A DARK UNDERBLOCK ROOM, JUDGE
ANDERSON OF PSI DIVISION ENCOUNTERS
THE AWESOME PRESENCE OF MANKIND'S
MOST TERRIFYING ENEMY -
JUDGE DEATH!

IT'S JUST MY MIND
PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!
YOU'RE NOT REAL, DEATH!
JUST A PHANTOM -
THIN AIR!



THISSS ISS BUT AN
APPARITION. BUT
BE ASSURED -
I AM BACK!



MY WORK
HASSS ALREADY
BEGUN!

ANDERSON PSI DIVISION

I HAVE RETURNED
TO JUDGE THISSS
CITY!



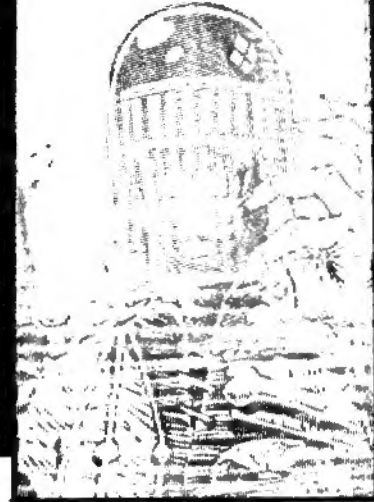
THE CRIME ISSS LIFE.
THE SENTENCE ISSS
DEATHHH!



ALL WILL BE
PUNISHHED!



ALL WILL DIE...
DIE... DIE...



ANDERSON!
YOU OKAY?



WAY YOU TOOK OFF BACK THERE,
I THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN A
GHOST OR SOMETHING!

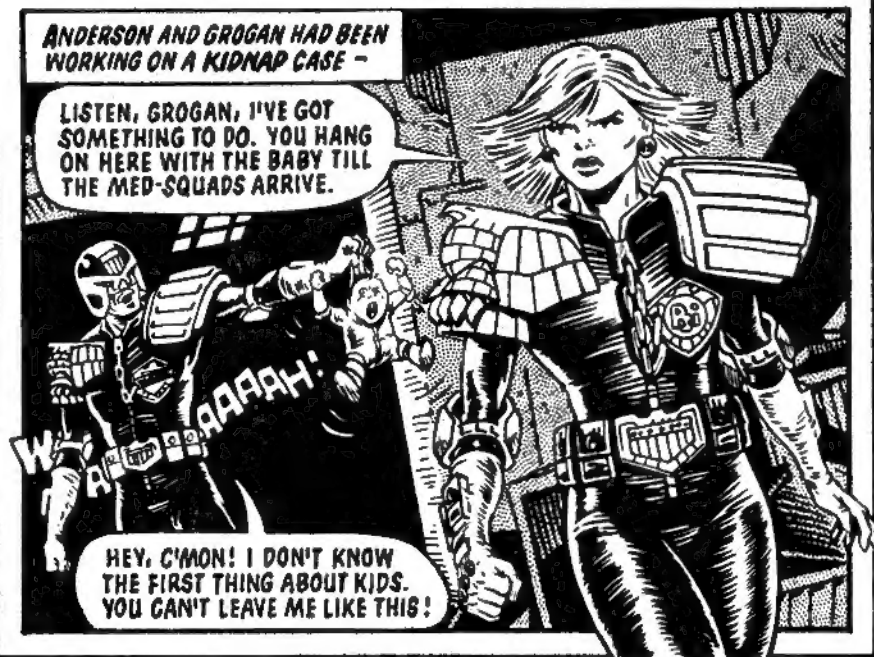


A GHOST...YEAH, SORT OF.
A BAD MEMORY FROM THE
PAST. HAPPENS TO US
PSIS SOMETIMES.



ANDERSON AND GROGAN HAD BEEN
WORKING ON A KIDNAP CASE -

LISTEN, GROGAN, I'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO DO. YOU HANG
ON HERE WITH THE BABY TILL
THE MED-SQUADS ARRIVE.



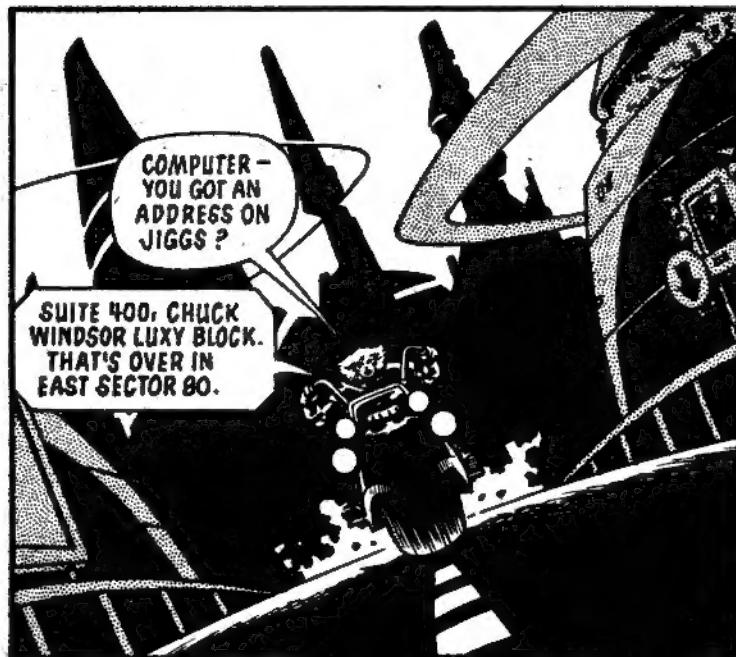
HEY, C'MON! I DON'T KNOW
THE FIRST THING ABOUT KIDS.
YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!

ANDERSON!





DEATH'S VICTIM... I
RECOGNISED THAT FACE.
JUMPIN' JIGGY JIGGS,
THE VID-JOCKEY.



COMPUTER -
YOU GOT AN
ADDRESS ON
JIGGS?

SUITE 400, CHUCK
WINDSOR LUXY BLOCK.
THAT'S OVER IN
EAST SECTOR 80.



AT CHUCK WINDSOR, A MED-SQUAD
IS STRETCHERING OUT A BODY -

JIGGY
JIGGS!



WHAT HAPPENED?

MOST PROBABLY A
HEART ATTACK.
NEIGHBOURS
HEARD HIM
SCREAM - FOUND
HIM DEAD IN BED.

SET HIM DOWN.
I WANT TO TRY
FOR SOME
LATENTS.



ANDERSON TELEPATHICALLY
TUNES IN TO THE RESIDUAL
IMAGES IN THE DEAD
MAN'S MIND -

I HAVE
COME TO
JUDGE
YOU.



AND THE VISIONS THAT
ASSAIL HER ARE
CHILLINGLY FAMILIAR -

WH-WH-WHADDYA WANT
WITH ME, MAN?



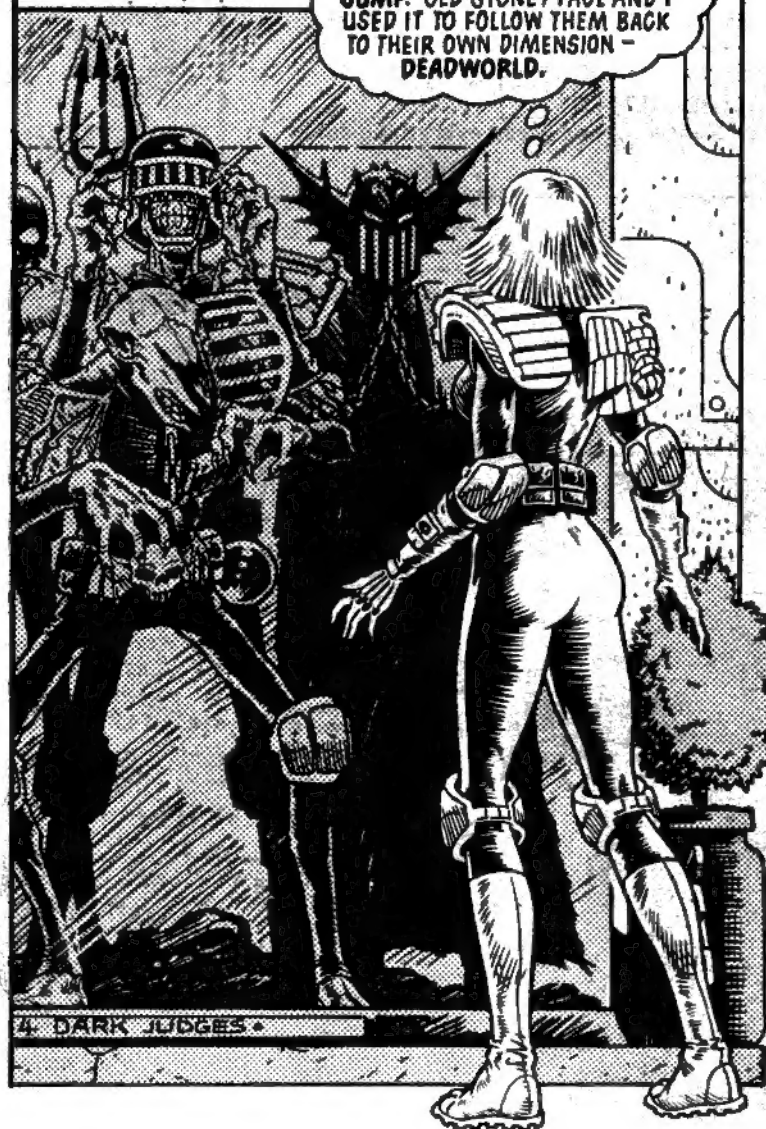
AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE IS LOCATED THE BLACK MUSEUM -



BRAIN OF JUDGE CAL

HERE, ON PERMANENT EXHIBITION, A COLLECTION OF GRISLY RELICS - A CONSTANT REMINDER OF EVIL IN ALL ITS FORMS -

THE DARK JUDGES' DIMENSION JUMP. OLD STONEY FACE AND I USED IT TO FOLLOW THEM BACK TO THEIR OWN DIMENSION - DEADWORLD.



I CAN USE IT TO GO BACK TO THEIR DIMENSION AGAIN, CHECK 'EM OUT.



NOT EXACTLY STANDARD PROCEDURE, BUT THEN THIS SITUATION'S ANYTHING BUT STANDARD.



I'M GONNA LAY THIS GHOST ONCE AND FOR ALL!

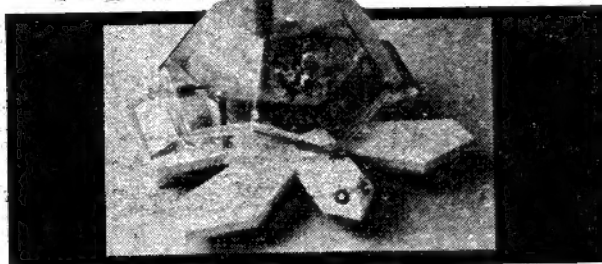


NEXT PROG:
THE RESURRECTION!

WEEK 2 OF THARG'S ZARJAZ COMPU-TITION!

WIN!

VALIANT ROBO-TURTLES!



The three prize-winners of this competition will not only receive a *Commodore 64* computer, complete with disk Drive and disk-based Logo, but also a *Valiant Turtle*.

The *Valiant Turtle* is Logo-driven and unique among similar products in that it is controlled by infra-red signals. These are converted into moves, turns and pen action by the Turtle's logic control. Only your imagination will limit the countless applications this amazing machine can be put to!

commodore64
COMPUTER
SYSTEMS



INSTRUCTIONS

On this page is the second entry token for the competition detailed in last week's prog. If you look at the grid in that issue, and put the turtle back in its original starting position outside the grid, you are ready for the next set of instructions. Here they are:

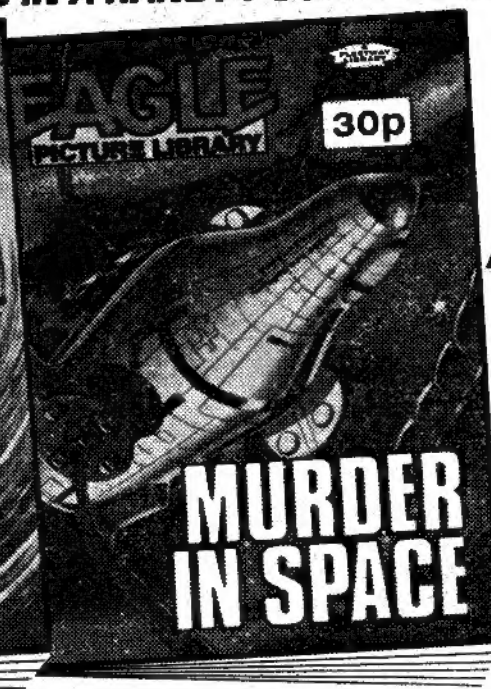
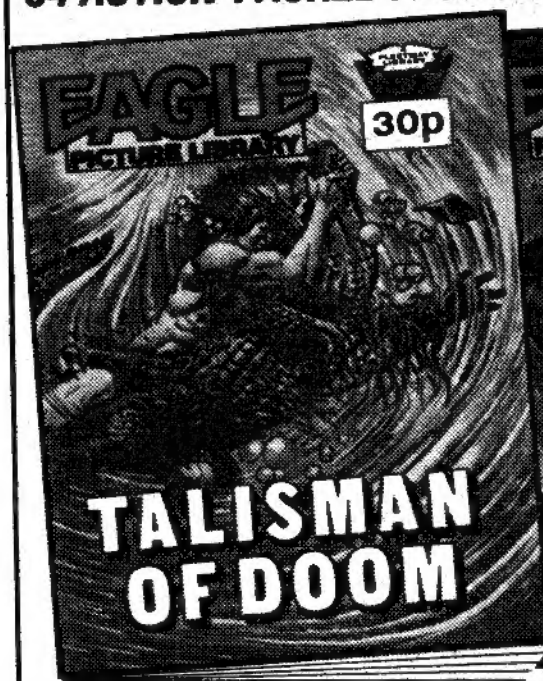
FD4 (RT) FD2 ☐ BD2 ☐ FD1 (RT) FD3 ☐ BD2 (LT) FD1 ☐ BD4 (LT) FD1 ☐

So that's another five letters you have collected and you've got two entry tokens. Keep everything safe. There's more to come!



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SUPPLY OF POCKET-POWER...
COMPLETE THE COUPON
BELOW AND HAND IT TO
YOUR NEWSAGENT TODAY!

**OUT OF THIS WORLD
ADVENTURE FOR JUST 30p**
TWO ISSUES EVERY MONTH
ON SALE NOW!

TO THE NEWSAGENT

Please reserve two EAGLE PICTURE LIBRARIES
for me every month.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Signature of Parent/Guardian.....

LOST IN TIME, SLAINE STRUGGLED WITH THE MASSOT WHICH CONTINUED TO GROW UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ITS OWN TIMEFIELD...



IT WAS NOW CENTURIES OLD AND DESPERATE FOR FLESH!

SLAINE BIT IT IN THE THROAT, CAUSING THE CREATURE TO WEAKEN ITS GRIP...



THEN RAMMED ONE MOUTH UP THE SNARLING VACU-HOLE OF ANOTHER.



LACKING INTELLIGENCE, THE STARVING WORM LOST INTEREST IN SLAINE AND BEGAN EXCITEDLY EATING ITSELF.



NOW TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS VOID.

SLAINE

SCRIPT:
PAT MILLIS
ART:
DAVID FUSH
LETTERING:
STEVE POTTER

MEANWHILE, ON GOOD FRIDAY, 1014 AD, ELFRIC WAS SUMMONING HIS 'DEMONS'...

UTTERING WORDS THAT CANNOT BE PRONOUNCED BY HUMANS IN THE CLICKING TONGUE OF THE ELS...



THE VIBRATIONS REACHED THE EL WORLD... AND BROUGHT FORTH...

ELEMENTALS—CREATURES FORMED BY MENTAL PROJECTION OF MATTER...

PRODUCTS OF ELFRIC'S TWISTED MIND... AND YET HORRIBLY REAL...



KILL!
KILL THE BOG MEN!

ALTHOUGH, TO MAINTAIN THEIR 'BIO-FORM', THEY HAD TO FEED ON FLESH... OFTEN, AND IN GREAT QUANTITIES...





YOU SEEK TO CONSORT WITH ANOTHER DEMON?

NO - I'M GOING TO KILL HIM.



AS SLÁINE LOOKED ACROSS THE BATTLE-FIELD, THE SOUNDS AND SMELLS OF DEATH EXCITED HIM - AND HE BEGAN HOWLING AND MOANING AS HIS WARP SPASM CAME ON...



...TRYING TO GET OUT!

HE IS
POSSESSED
BY THE
SERPENT!

THE SERPENT... THE NAME
MEN GAVE TO THE STRANGE
EARTH POWER THAT
SLITHERED AND TWISTED
ACROSS THE LAND...

THE SERPENT
THE MONKS
TRIED TO
DESTROY
BY
BREAKING UP
THE OLD
PAGAN STONES
THAT ONCE
CONTROLLED
AND AMPLI-
FIED IT...


THE SERPENT A WARRIOR LIKE SLAINE
COULD WARP THROUGH HIS BODY...

SLAINE BROKE THE CHARIOT AS IF
IT WERE A TWIG... THE POWER
FLOWED THROUGH HIM, PUMPING
HIS MUSCLES UP... STRETCHING
AND CONTORTING HIM...

...INTO A MONSTROUS,
BESTIAL THING —
UNHEARD OF!


IT WAS ALL TOO
MUCH FOR LIAH...

UUUUHHHH



THE SERPENT RAGED
WITHIN HIM...
BOOSTING HIS NORMAL
AGGRESSION INTO A
TERRIBLE, MANIC RAGE
AND LUST TO KILL...

...THAT HAD TO BE
SATISFIED!



HE CUT HIS WAY
INTO THE THROGS
...SNAPPING THE
CHARIOT SHAFT
IN HALF, SO HE
COULD USE ITS
GREAT SICKLE
BLADES AS
TWO SWORDS
AND KILL MORE
OF THE
NORSEMEN...

...AND THEIR
ELEMENTAL
ALLIES.



ENCOURAGED BY HIS FIERCE RUSH, THE CELTIC CLANS FOLLOWED—DRIVING THE INVADERS BEFORE THEM.



THEN...



YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!

I NEED YOUR HELP, EARTHLETS! THE ONLY WAY TO COMBAT THRILL-SUCKER INFESTATION IS REGULAR JOLTS OF THRILL-POWER, AND THAT MEANS A WEEKLY ORDER FOR 2000 AD. FILL IN THE COUPON TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND THEN GIVE THE SPARE COUPON TO A FRIEND. REMEMBER, EARTHLETS — YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME.....

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WHAT ARE THESE FRENZIED CITIZENS GETTING SO HOT-DAMNED EXCITED ABOUT?

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER...



JUDGE DREDD

SUNDAY NIGHT, 2345 HOURS. FOR THE CITY'S UNEMPLOYED MILLIONS ANOTHER BLEAK WEEK LIES AHEAD.

IF A CITIZEN'S GOING TO CRACK, IT'S LIKELY TO BE NOW. JUDGES CALL IT...

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER.

ANOTHER TWO FOR THE PSYCHO CUBES.

CONTROL! ANOTHER CATCH WAGON TO DWIGHT DEE! KOOKS COMIN' IN THICK AND FAST!

AT THE SLUG AND GRISTLE BAR, THE INCIDENT IS GERMINATING -

Y'KNOW, FRANK, I ALMOST HAD A JOB ONCE...

'ZAT SO, RUBY?

YEAH... CANARY-PERSON OVER AT WIFFIN GAS. NICE LITTLE NUMBER. NEARLY HAD IT TOO - THEN THEY GAVE IT TO SOME RAT CALLED MAC.

BOY, IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THAT MAC NOW!

DON'T FORGET YOUR CHANGE, MAC!

MAC!

MY NAME'S HEGGY.





SUITIN' YOU, IS IT? THEY TREATIN' YOU GOOD OVER AT WIFFIN GAS? THEY GOTTA BE, IF YOU CAN AFFORD TO DRINK PIGWEISER!

THAT'S MY PAYCHECK YOU'RE SPENDIN', HAIRBALL!

L-LOOK, I THINK YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG!



CONTROL TO DREDD!
WE HAVE A CODE 299
AT THE SLUG AND
GRISTLE. REPORTS
OF A SLAYING.

ON MY
WAY.

AT THE BAR -

CONTROL! CITIZEN'S
STILL ALIVE! SEND
A MED SQUAD -
PRIORITY ONE!

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

IT WAS RUBY -
RUBY FOULCLOUGH.
ONE OF MY REGULARS.
SHE JUST WENT SPUG
CRAZY - TOUCH OF
SUNDAY NIGHT
FEVER, I GUESS.
CLAIMED HE STOLE
HER JOB OVER AT
WIFFIN GAS.

WHEN SHE
REALISED WHAT
SHE'D DONE, SHE
TOOK A POWDER.

FUNNY. I'VE
KNOWN OLD HEGGY
FOR 20 YEARS.
NEVER WORKED A
DAY IN HIS LIFE!

BAR USUALLY THIS
EMPTY?

NAH. JOINT WAS
JUMPIN'. BUT THEY'VE
ALL GONE TO WIFFIN'S
TO APPLY FOR THE
JOB.

DROKK!

EMERGENCY CODE RED!
WE HAVE A POSSIBLE JOB
RIOT, WIFFIN GAS!

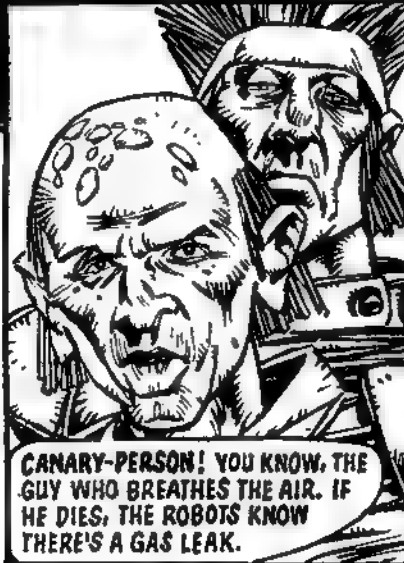
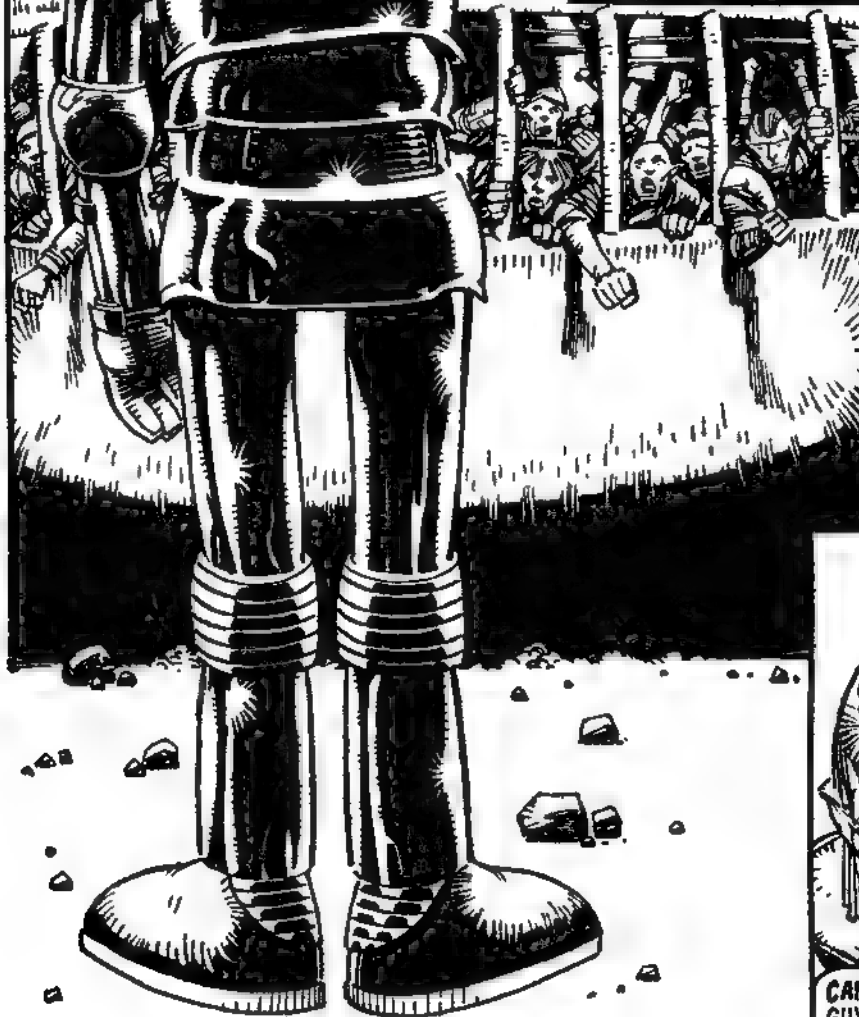
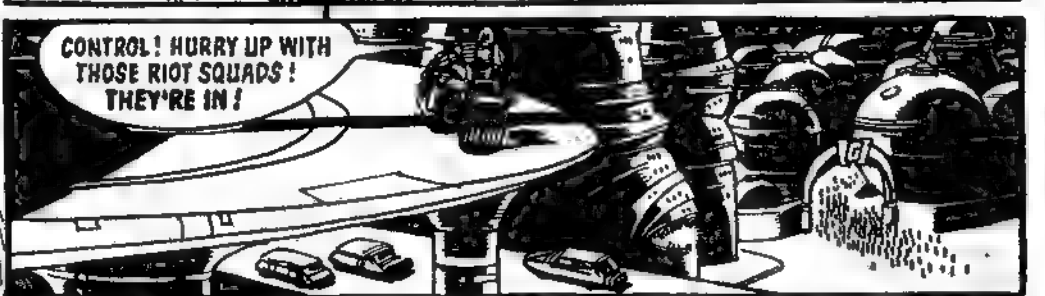
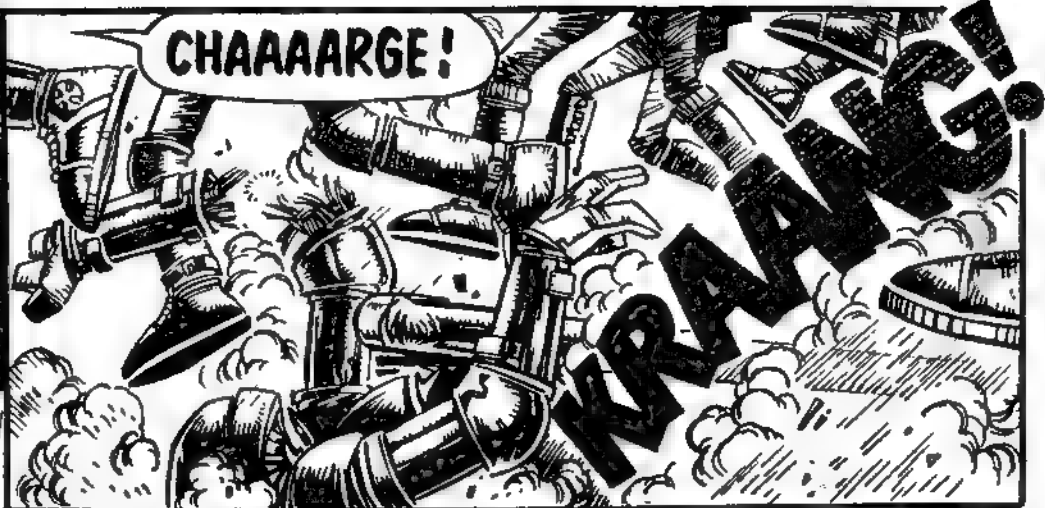
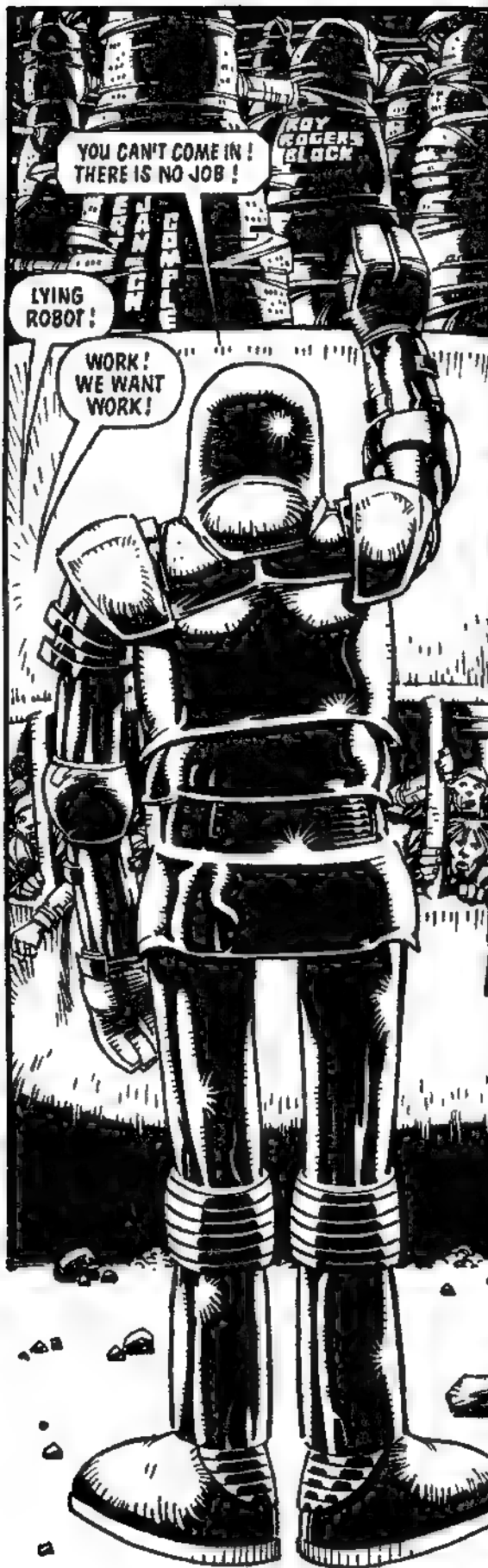
RUMOURS OF
WORK SPREAD
FAST IN
MEGA-CITY ONE -

VACANCY AT
WIFFINS!

BY THE TIME THE MOB REACHES WIFFIN GAS
IT IS SEVERAL THOUSAND STRONG -

WE COME
ABOUT THE
JOB!

NO
WAY



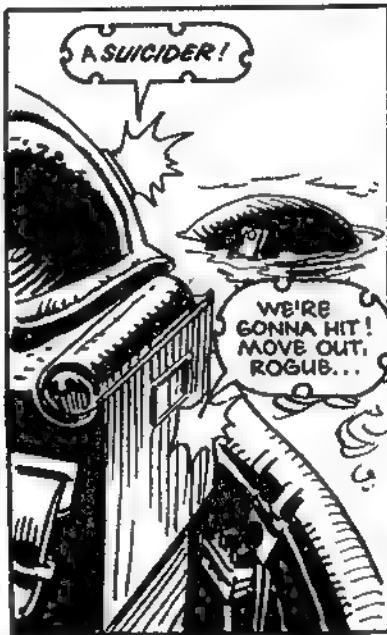
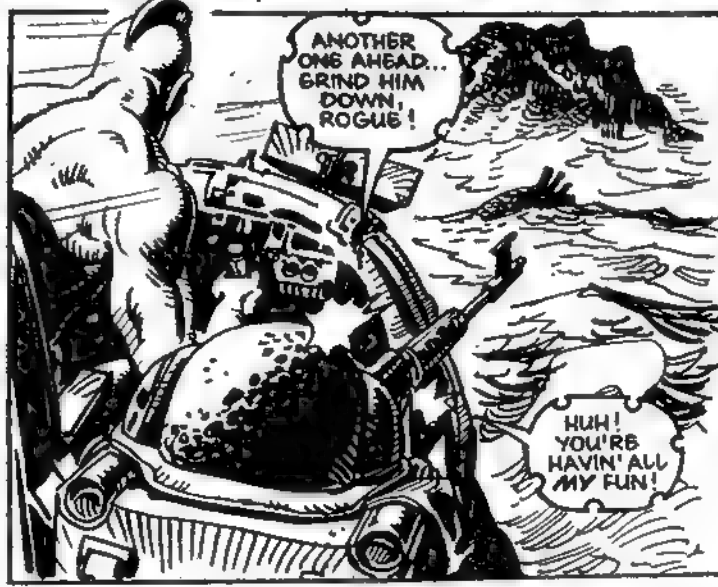
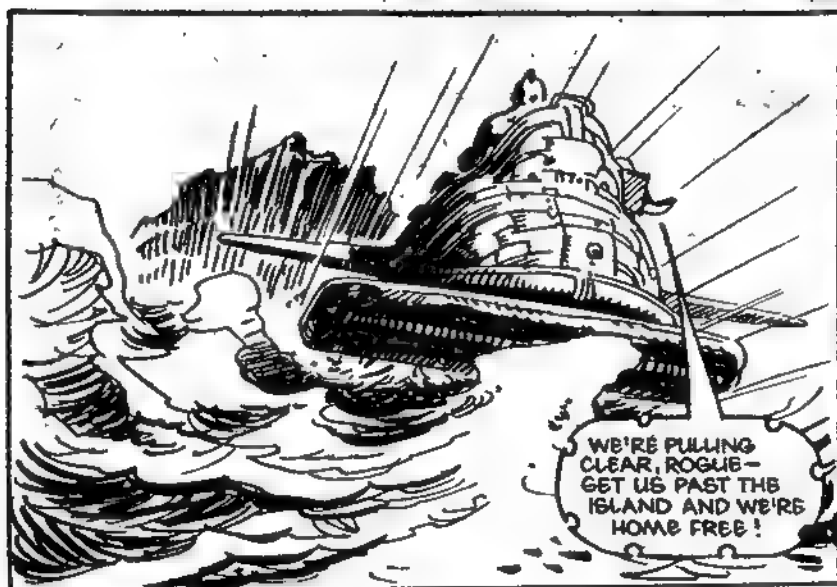
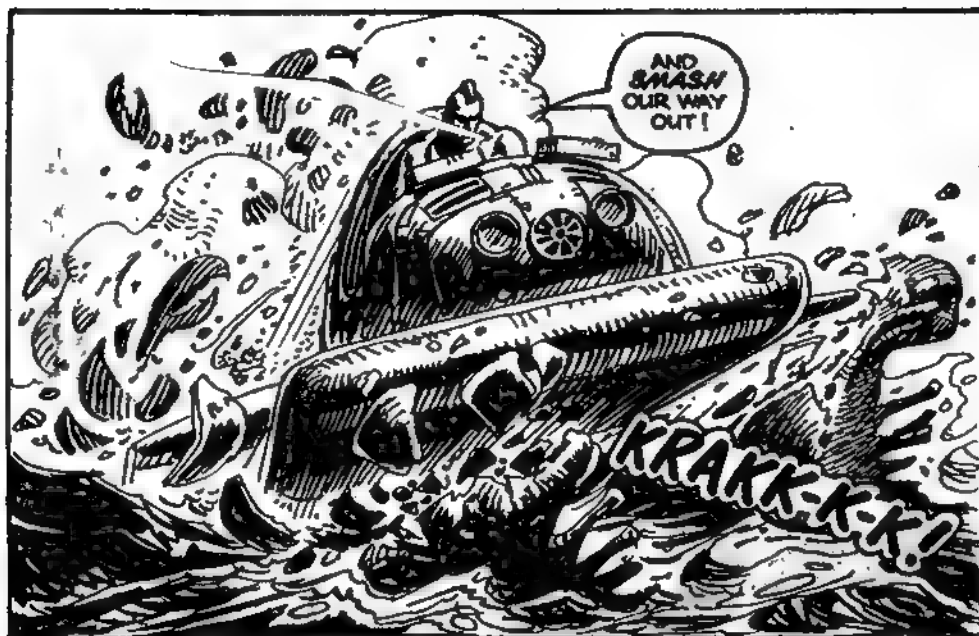


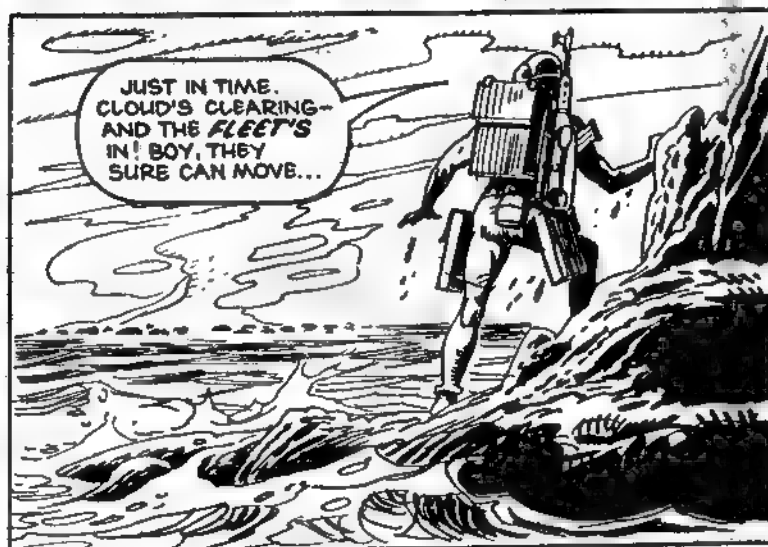
NEXT
PROG: **SUNDAY NIGHT SLAUGHTER!**

ROGUE TROOPER HAS ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE STRANGE CRATER SEA OF THE ALIEN PLANET HORST... ONLY TO ENCOUNTER AMPHIBIOUS ENEMY UNITS —

ROGUE TROOPER









THEY *KNOW* WE'RE HERE. BOYS - GET READY FOR COMBAT.



THE *LEGS!* YEAH!



THEY'RE *BIPEDALS* - AND THEY MOVE AS FAST ON THE GROUND AS THEY DO IN THE WATER!



I'VE GOT THE FIRST WAVE PINNED DOWN ON THE BEACH!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA!

YEAH... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THE ISLAND'S BEACHES?



DAMN! THEY'RE LANDING ALL AROUND US!

WE SHOULD'VE GUESSED - THE OLDEST MILITARY STRATEGY IN THE MANUAL...



CLASSIC Pincer Movement!

NEXT PROG: *DEAD CRABMEAT!*

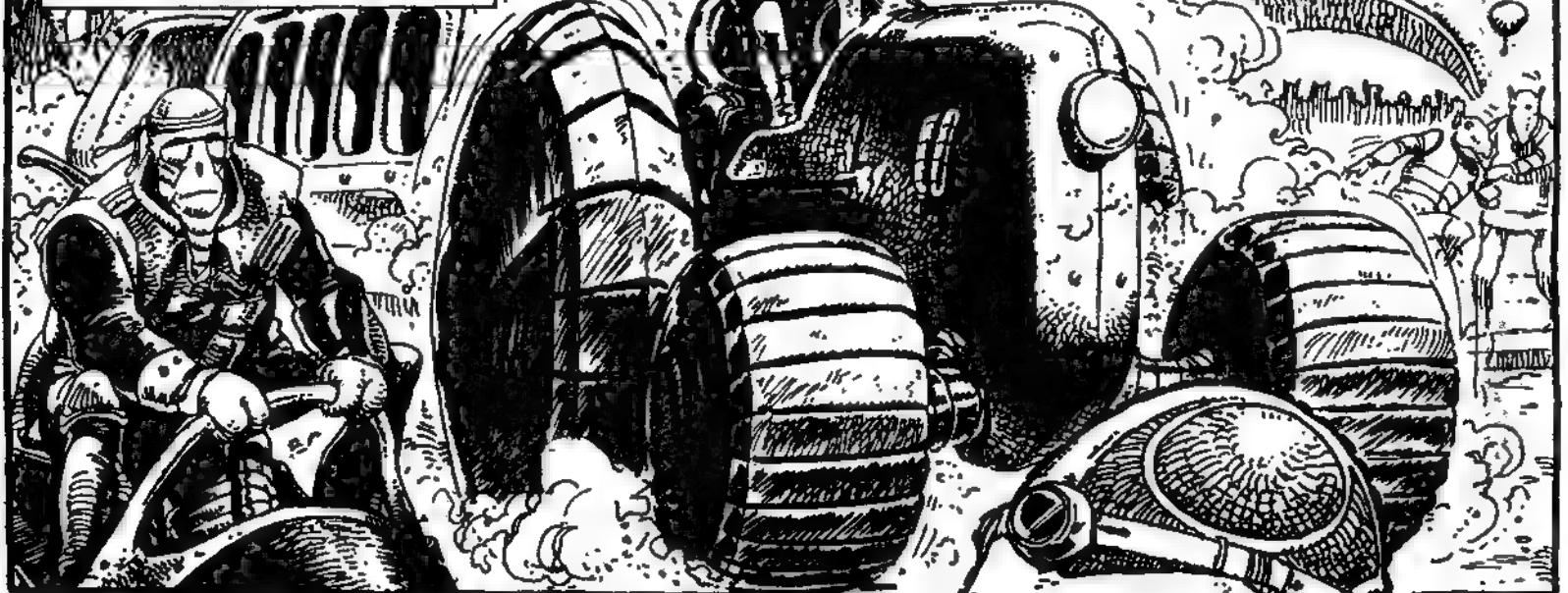
Strontium Dog

AMNESTY
Be it known that on the
10th day of Morkmndy
the privileged status of
the inhabitants of the
49th Territory will END.
All wanted criminals have
until NOON on that date
to surrender themselves
to the Arresting Officer
in Badville.

BY ORDER
P. Fari
HEAVY DISCIPLINE PARTY

PLANET BURRITO, THE 10TH OF MORKMNDY,
NOON MINUS 30. A LARGE CROWD GATHERS
TO OBSERVE THE ENDING OF THE AMNESTY,
WHICH WILL UNLEASH A PACK OF BOUNTY-
HUNTERS UPON THE CRIMINALS WHO INHABIT
THE BADLANDS OF THE 49TH TERRITORY--

OOT O' THE WAY THERE!
STRAONTY DUG COMIN'
THROUGH!



BY DER GOTTS, MIDDENFACE!
VOT IS THAT?

IT'S MY AIN WEE
MOBILE BARLINNIE!



2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT: ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART: ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
GORDON ROSSON

COMPU-73



WAY I SEE IT, WULF - WE'D WASTE A WHOLE DAUD O' TIME BRINGIN' OOR PRISONERS IN YIN BY YIN, SO WE'LL JUST TAK' 'EM WI' US AS WE GANG ALANG!

JA! MAKE SENSE, BUT HOW YE FEED THEM ALL?

NAB PROBLEM, BIG YIN!



SEE - I'VE GOAT A FRIDGE ON T IE BACK HERE! DOUBLE PURPOSE, TAE - JUST THE JOAB FOR STORIN' A' THE DEIF BODIES!

YOU THII K OF EVERYT HING, MIDDEN ACE!



AYE - WEEL, THAE LUMPS ARENAE FATTIES, YE KEN!



JOHNNY ALPHA MAKES A FINAL CHECK ON HIS WEAPONS --

BLASTERS PRIMED - CHECK.



TIME BOMBS - 3.

TIME TRAPS - 2.

LIFE WIRE - 1.

ELECTRO-NUX - CHECK!



JINGS, JOHNNY! ME AN' THE BIG YIN MIGHT JUST AS WEEL BIDE AT HAME! YE'VE ENOUGH FIREPOWER THERE TAE TAK' ON AN ARMY VESSEL!

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY, MIDDENFACE.



FOR WULF, DER WEAPONS CHECK IS SIMPLER --

HAPPY STICK! JA!

WUUMPP!

AS NOON APPROACHES, A FEW LAST
FUGITIVES COME IN FROM THE BADLANDS
TO GIVE THEMSELVES UP --

1150

HOGAN BROTHERS, WANTED
FOR GRAND LARCENY BACK
ON RAMSES IV.

CUFF UP, WAIT
IN THE DE-
TENTION LINE!

DER HOGANS! TEN
THOUSAND CRED'S
REWARD EACH...
VOT A VASTE!

AYE, IT'S ENOUGH TAE
MAK' A MAN GREET!

ONE MINUTE TO GO, AND A LONE FIGURE COMES IN SIGHT --

HOLD YOUR FIRE!
I'M COMIN' IN!

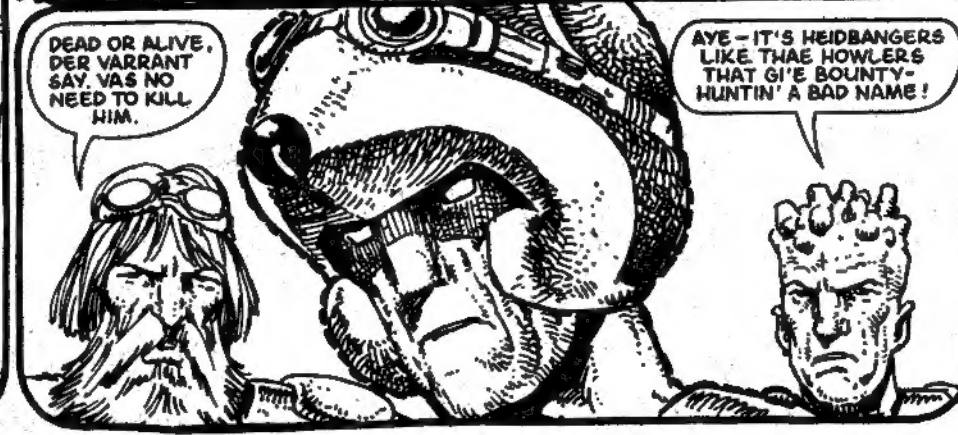
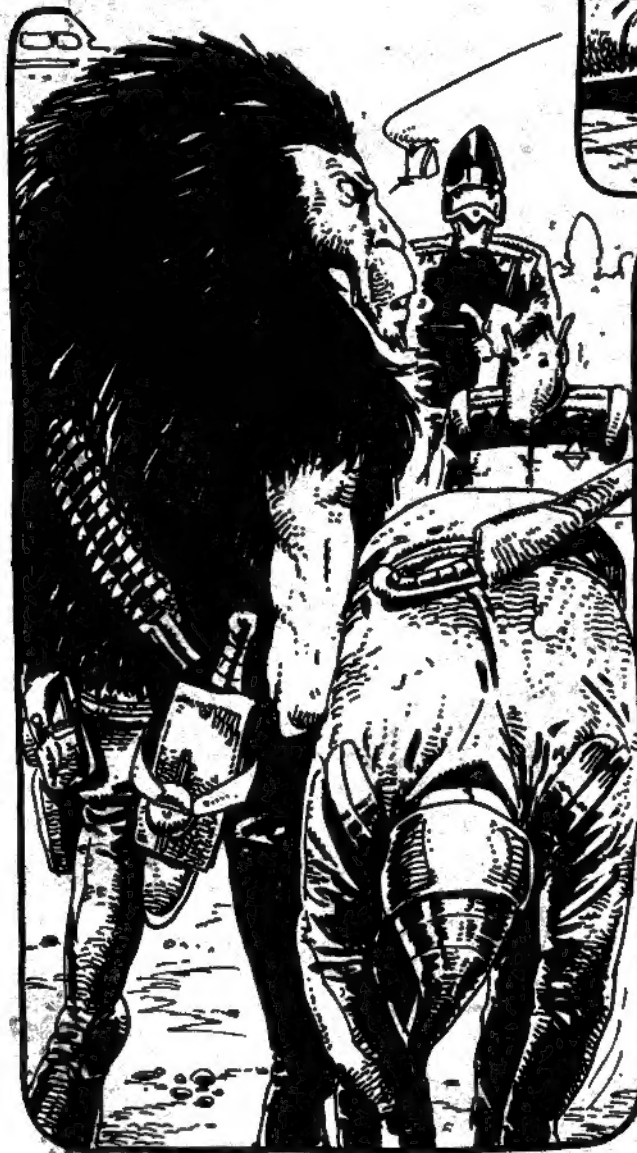
IT SKITE BRUTELY,
DARKUS.

WANTED DEAD OR
ALIVE. FIFTEEN
THOU BOUNTY.

SNACK! PUNCTURE!

20 SECONDS!

FWSSSSHH!





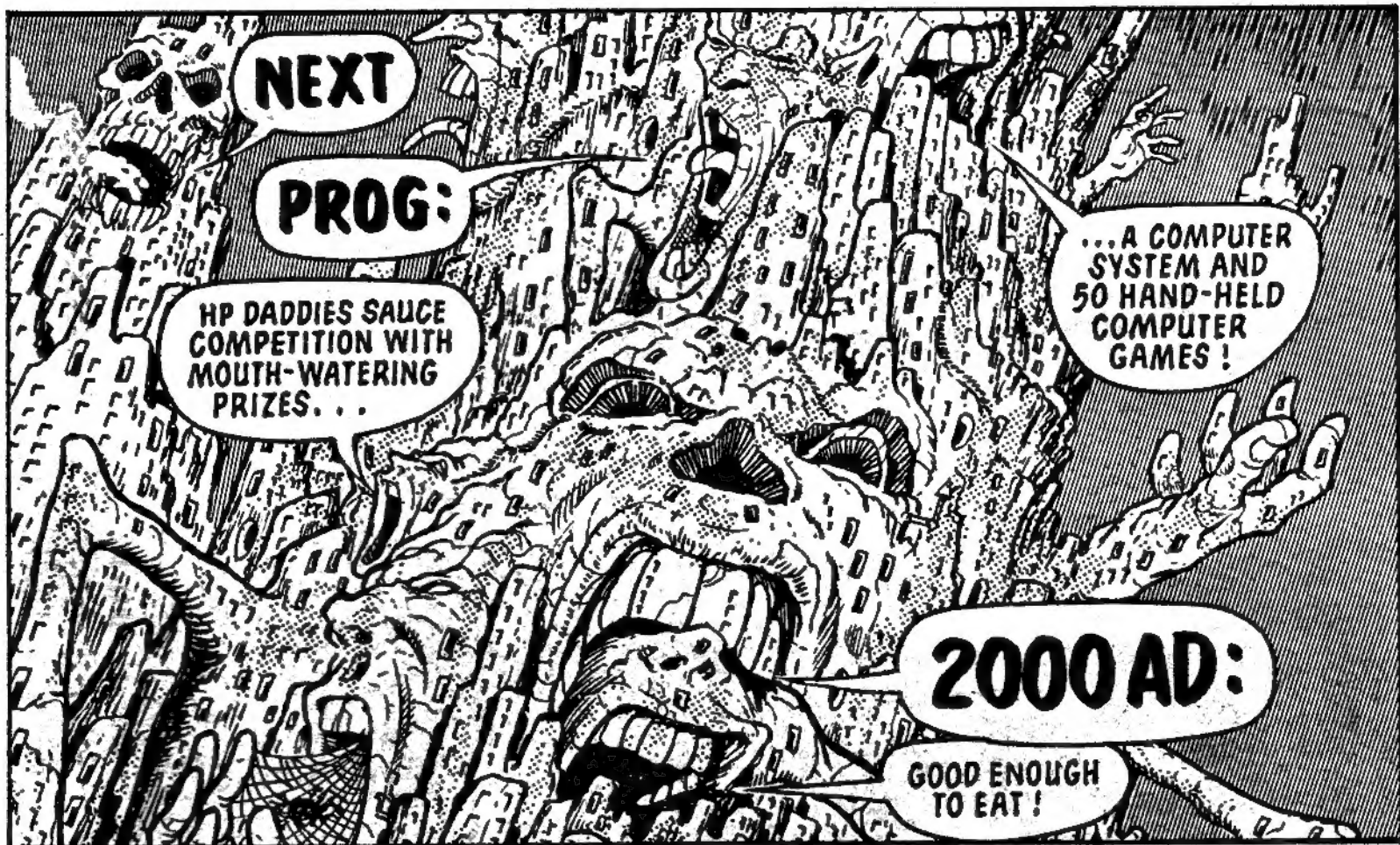
JOHNNY, WOLF AND MIDDENFACE HEAD NORTH, AWAY FROM THE PACK, ACROSS THE WILD JIMMY HILLS---

IT IS THREE HOURS BEFORE THEY ENCOUNTER THEIR FIRST BADLANDERS---



Next
Prog:

CLADLE OUT THE LALDY, BIGYIN!?



NEXT

PROG:

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